

## FOLK DANCERS NOOK

Der Karrerod (Chariot)

Jewish

V. F. BELIAJUS

The Jewish dances are divided into two classes, the Hassidic and the Hebrew (Palestinian.) The Palestinian dance is native to and conforms with the general nature of the dances of Asia Minor, and the Balkans. The Hassidic dance is a form of dance that would be most typical of the Jews in the Diaspora. The Hassidim have created a rich lore in every phase, religious and laic; song and dance; legend and literature. Anything in lore or custom that is considered as typical Jewish is bound to be of Hassidic origin.

The Hassidim are a Jewish Denomination who lived mostly in Poland, Ukraine, Hungary and Austria, particularly the Galician districts of Poland. Their denomination originated during the 18th century by a great aesthetic, Baal Shem Tov (The owner of a good name.) They incorporated song and dance in their way of religious life at home. Their Sabbath meals were always accompanied with Zmiroth (semi-religious songs of joy and praise) and dancing was a common event even on the Holy Sabbath which they observe most rigidly. However, in these dances of "Hitlahavut" (religious aesthetic excitement) no women could participate in these dances together with the men. On certain joyous events, such as weddings, or Bar-Mitzvah's (the becoming of age of a son—13 years old), where women also participated, the men could form circles or dance with female partners through the medium of a handkerchief, which each held an edge.

The Hassidim suffered a heavy blow. Since they lived in the German occupied lands, particularly Poland, the Hassidic domain, they are all but exterminated. Over six million Jews were slain by Hitler and his cohorts, it is a mass of humanity and a painful loss to the Jewish people and Hassidism in particular. The people in the United States and of the world seem hardly to care or to realize what this human slaughter means. The indifference on the part of the gentile is appalling and no credit to Christianity. As far as the Jewish nation is concerned, Christianity and the Cross represent inhuman slaughter, murder, persecution, Crusade, Pogroms, loot, rape and everything that is evil and blood shedding. There is a long way to go and much to be done to atone this crime committed by the followers of the Jew Jesus, to whitewash themselves from all the heinous and barbaric crimes they have committed in the name of Christian love. The Christians continually forget that the Blessed Mother was just a simple and a good "Yiddishe Mame" That her son, our Lord said; "That heaven and earth may disappear, but not a word nor an iota of the Jewish faith will ever vanish" And His words are coming to pass. No matter how great the slaughter of the Jewish people, they will survive even the Christians, for the Christians do not practice Christianity and the words of our Lord Jesus never fail.

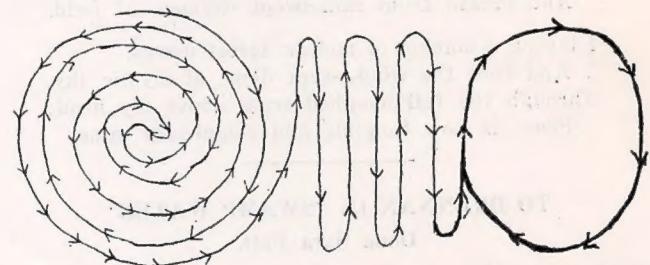
True, this is a folk dance description, and is not meant to be a tirade; but, there is nothing we can say, no matter how much we shall say it, nor nothing we can do no matter how much we shall do it regardless of place or time it can never be said or done enough to make up for all the evils and sorrows we have inflicted on that nation which has given us its morals, codes, civilization and great men.

The dance described is a wedding dance, only second in importance to the "Sherele". It is a dance in which everyone can participate regardless of age and it is performed

as the first dance of the wedding feast after the auptials in which the newly weds, parents, great parents, grandchildren and tots can participate. The more the merrier.

Everyone join hands, no partners. Walk a complete circle to right, somewhere like 32 steps. Repeat same to left. Walk 8 steps toward the center, eight steps back, repeat toward center and back. Now, wind up into a circle and unwind, then lead into snake formation. Lead out and into a circle just like in the begining, first to left then to right, then to center and back, repeat and finish with a bow. See diagram.

No music is enclosed because there would be too much music to describe, but you may use any Jewish "Frailach" tune (See Kammins Collections), or, if you have my book of Dance and Be Merry, Vol. 1, use tune called "Nigun" (page 43).



### FROM THE MAYOR OF VILNA

Dear American Friends:

Only three months have passed since the Red Army Units, including Lithuanian Corps and Partisans of Lithuania, liberated the ancient Lithuanian capitol of Vilnius from German occupiers.

"Brotherhood Graves" circle Vilnius. They hold the bodies, tortured and murdered by the Germans of the best sons of Lithuania. More than 70,000 inhabitants of Vilnius were victims of the German hangmen.

In three years of their rule in Vilnius, the Germans destroyed and burned 1480 residences, about a quarter of the city's housing, leaving thousands homeless and propertyless. They destroyed the power plants, watermains, schools, hospitals, flourmills, and movie houses. They derided religious feelings and destroyed several Roman Catholic churches.

We are restoring all this by our own efforts. Professional builders work with volunteer brigades and workers, office employees and housewives. The city now has water and light, postal and telegraph service, schools, nurseries, hospitals.

The Germans tried to wipe out the ancient university of Lithuania, the pride of the Lithuanian people, established in Vilnius in 1573; but last month we were able to organize normal classes in all eight colleges of this university.

Before us lie great tasks. Under the Germans, tens of thousands lost all they had — home, property, clothing. Thousands of children remain orphans. They are ill-clad and suffer the effects of long hunger. They are now finding normal childhood at last in the children's homes. Upon our shoulders has fallen the task of caring for all these residents of Vilnius, exhausted and deprived of everything by the Germans. We must rebuild and repair homes, open orphanages, nurseries, schools, hospitals and sanatoriums, and we must assume the population at least the necessary clothes and shoes.

As mayor and in the name of the populace of Vilnius, I wish to extend to Americans our warmest thanks for the fraternal friendly aid of additional supplies they have provided. —Bronius Leonas Pušinis,

Mayor of Vilnius.

## NOOK of POETRY

### COUNTRY

Converse Harwell

Things pastoral and rustic are my delight,  
The far-flung country is my natural love,  
Freedom for me lies upon wind-swept plains;  
Atop mountains or in the green valleys below.  
Peace comes to me in the dark of green forests,  
Or in carpeting fields of wheat or rustling corn,  
Letting my eyes behold unmasked glory of sunset;  
Or the gold of sunrise in the dewy morn.

In nature my faith is ever lifted high,  
Petty thoughts, terrestrial intrigues expire,  
My life is always renewed by touch of earth;  
And breath from rain-swept expanse of field.

I lay on a blanket of mellow forest leaves,  
And view the wind-swept dome of mystic sky,  
Through the full bouched trees above my head;  
Peace is now tangible and completely mine.

### TO BRENNAN IN "SWAMP WATER"

Dona Sara Fink

Has'ye ever bin cotton mouth bit  
Or losted in the swamp, boggt to the hip  
Fightin' a wild cat fur his pelt, or  
Battlin' 'em gators, hard devils kill?  
Owls hootin', cracklin' dead wood droppin'  
With wild birds screaming, in the blackness of the night,  
Lone watchin' with gun cockted waitin' a surprise  
'Gainst the law outside. "I aint done no crime  
But they put the blame on me. Swor'  
They'd swing me for killin' a man out on a spree  
So, Okefinokee, dark, dark and tremblin'  
Got me for a pal, 'Death Hole a' yes. But these  
Seven years I've et its roots, snakes, wild flesh  
And drunkt its waters black  
Trapt them animals, dryt ther'skins for clothin'  
Beddin' and sheter from the rain  
And the wind howlin' wild. Sech a wind  
'at a hurrican blows, At bows a man to earth  
Clutchin' a saplin expectin' the worst.  
Its a trainin school fur one to know his God  
Where his creation lives and dies accordin' to His laws  
I'd died too hed not may prayers bin answert  
And you'd come to help my cause.

"Ben I'd like to have your dawg".

### TIME TO COME

by Burton Lawrence

I see myself in a far off day  
Before a cheerful fireplace,  
With chessmen set out ready to play,  
And books parading at leisure pace.  
A loved companion comes to call  
And spend a reminiscent hour  
Over a drink, iced and tall,  
Contented in our ivory tower.

Such a picture I hold in mind,  
As tranquil as a household pet,  
With time to be friendly to all mankind:  
Someday I'll love it — but not yet!

## FINNY'S FUNNIES

A colored preacher in Georgia said in his sermon one Sunday recently:

"When Gabriel comes, be ready to jump he toots his horn."

Fat Lady—My goodness, is the comin' in an auto?

The business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor.

I regret I cannot see my way to allow you to marry my daughter at present," he said, "but give me your name and address, and if nothing better turns up in the near future, you may hear from me again."

A minister was lectured his 16-year-old daughter about snobbishness.

"Remember," he said, "we are all of the same mold."

"Yes," replied his hopful, "but some are moldier than others."

First Irishman: "Which would yez rather be in Pat—an explosion or a collision?"

Second Irishman: "In a collision, because in a collision there yez are, but in an explosion where are yez?"

Private: "Cookie, the pie tonight was terrible."

Veteran Cook: "Listen you whippersnapper, I was making pies before you were born."

Private: "Well, it must have been one of those I ate then."

Mail order at mail call: "Letter for Cdadwinskydnozsky."

Voice from rear of barracks: "What initial?"

Draft Board Official: "When was your mother married?"

Draftee: "I can't remember — it must have been before I was born."

Returning to the theatre after a brief intermission big Sargeant Dolan, wearing a size seven trench shoe, stopped to speak to a quiet little man seated in an aisle seat:

"Hey, Mister, did I tread on your toes as me an' my girl walked out?"

"You did, sir!"

"Okay, Mamie, this is our place."

He: "I see by the paper that on one of those South Pacific islands a good wife can be bought for what amounts to three dollars."

She: "Why, that's terrible!"

He: "I don't know. A good wife might be worth it."

A man was carrying a grandfather's clock down a crowded main street to a repair shop. As the clock limited his vision, he unintentionally collided with a woman, knocking her down. After collecting her composure and packages, the woman struggled to her feet and scathingly inquired:

"Why don't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else?"

The man opened his refrigerator and found a rabbit taking his ease therein.

"And what might you be doing in there?" the man asked.

"Doesn't it say 'Westinghouse' on the outside of this icebox?" demanded the rabbit. "Well, I'se westing!"